# SPIDER-MAN AND BATMAN

MARVEL COMICS

DEMATTEIS, BAGLEY, HANNA & FARMER

DC

# SPIDER-MAN® AND BATMAN

"We do not have to visit a madhouse to find disordered minds; our planet is the mental institution of the universe."
--Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

STAN LEE
Presents

# "DISORDERED MINDS"

J.M. DEMATTEIS
Writer

MARK BAGLEY
Penciler

SCOTT HANNA & MARK FARMER
Inkers

RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT
Lettering & Book Design

ELECTRIC CRAYON
Colors & Separation

MARK BAGLEY & MARK FARMER
Cover artists

STEVE BUCCELLA
Cover colorist

DEB BRUST
Manufacturing

MARK BERNARDO
Assistant Editor

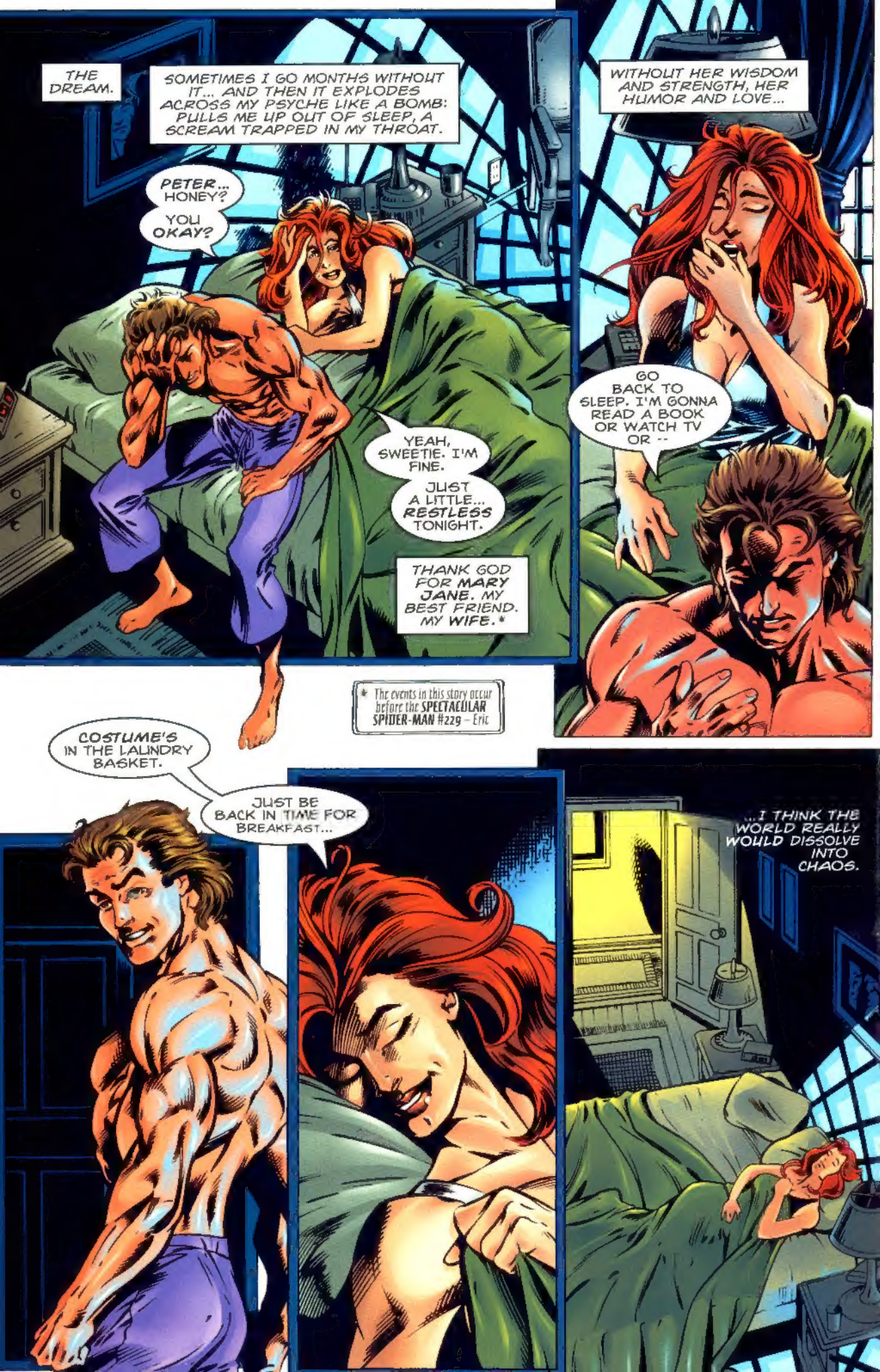
DENNIS O'NEIL, SCOTT PETERSON, JORDAN B. GORFINKEL & DARREN VINCENZO
Consulting Editors

ERIC FEIN & DANNY FINGEROTH
Editors

BOB BUDIANSKY
Editor in Chief

ALL I WANT TO DO...
...IS STOP THE FEAR...
...STOP THE PAIN...
...STOP THE DEATH.
SO WHY IS IT...
...THAT I NEVER SUCCEED?

HE'S NOT SOME SUPER-VILLAIN: JUST A COMMON BURGLAR, AN ORDINARY MAN.
ISN'T HE?
BUT HOW CAN AN ORDINARY MAN DO WHAT HE'S DONE? HOW CAN AN ORDINARY MAN PULL A TRIGGER...
...AND DESTROY A WORLD?
HEHHHEHA
HAHAHAHA
...MY WORLD WILL KEEP DYING. AND EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR...
...EVERYTHING THAT HAS MEANING...
LOOK AT HIM: LAUGHING AT ME. ALWAYS LAUGHING!
HE KNOWS I CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP HIM. HE KNOWS THAT, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I REVISIT THIS PLACE, THIS TERRIBLE NIGHT...
...WILL DISSOLVE INTO CHAOS.


THE DREAM.
SOMETIMES I GO MONTHS WITHOUT IT... AND THEN IT EXPLODES ACROSS MY PSYCHE LIKE A BOMB: PULLS ME UP OUT OF SLEEP, A SCREAM TRAPPED IN MY THROAT.
PETER... HONEY?
YOU OKAY?
YEAH, SWEETIE. I'M FINE.
JUST A LITTLE... RESTLESS TONIGHT.
THANK GOD FOR MARY JANE. MY BEST FRIEND. MY WIFE.*
WITHOUT HER WISDOM AND STRENGTH, HER HUMOR AND LOVE...
GO BACK TO SLEEP. I'M GONNA READ A BOOK OR WATCH TV OR --
* The events in this story occur before the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #229 – Eric
COSTUME'S IN THE LAUNDRY BASKET.
JUST BE BACK IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST...
...I THINK THE WORLD REALLY WOULD DISSOLVE INTO CHAOS.

LOVE. THAT'S THE KEY, ISN'T IT? IF AUNT MAY AND UNCLE BEN HADN'T TAKEN ME IN AFTER MY PARENTS DIED, GIVEN ME SO MUCH LOVE AND SUPPORT -- I MIGHT HAVE GROWN TO BE BITTER, ANGRY. HARD.
EVEN AFTER THAT NIGHT -- WHEN I LET THE BURGLAR GO... NEVER SUSPECTING THAT HE'D LATER BREAK INTO OUR HOUSE... MURDER UNCLE BEN -- I DIDN'T SURRENDER TO DESPAIR. I COULDN'T.
I HAD MAY AS MY EXAMPLE: SHE HELD TIGHT TO HOPE. TO HER BELIEF THAT -- HOWEVER SHORT OUR TIME IS, HOWEVER MANY TRAGEDIES WE MAY FACE -- AS LONG AS WE HAVE FAMILY, PEOPLE THAT WE CHERISH AND LOVE...
...LIFE WILL ALWAYS BE WORTH LIVING.
AND I PRAY THAT BOTH PETER PARKER...
...AND SPIDER-MAN...
...LIVE UP TO HER EXAMPLE.

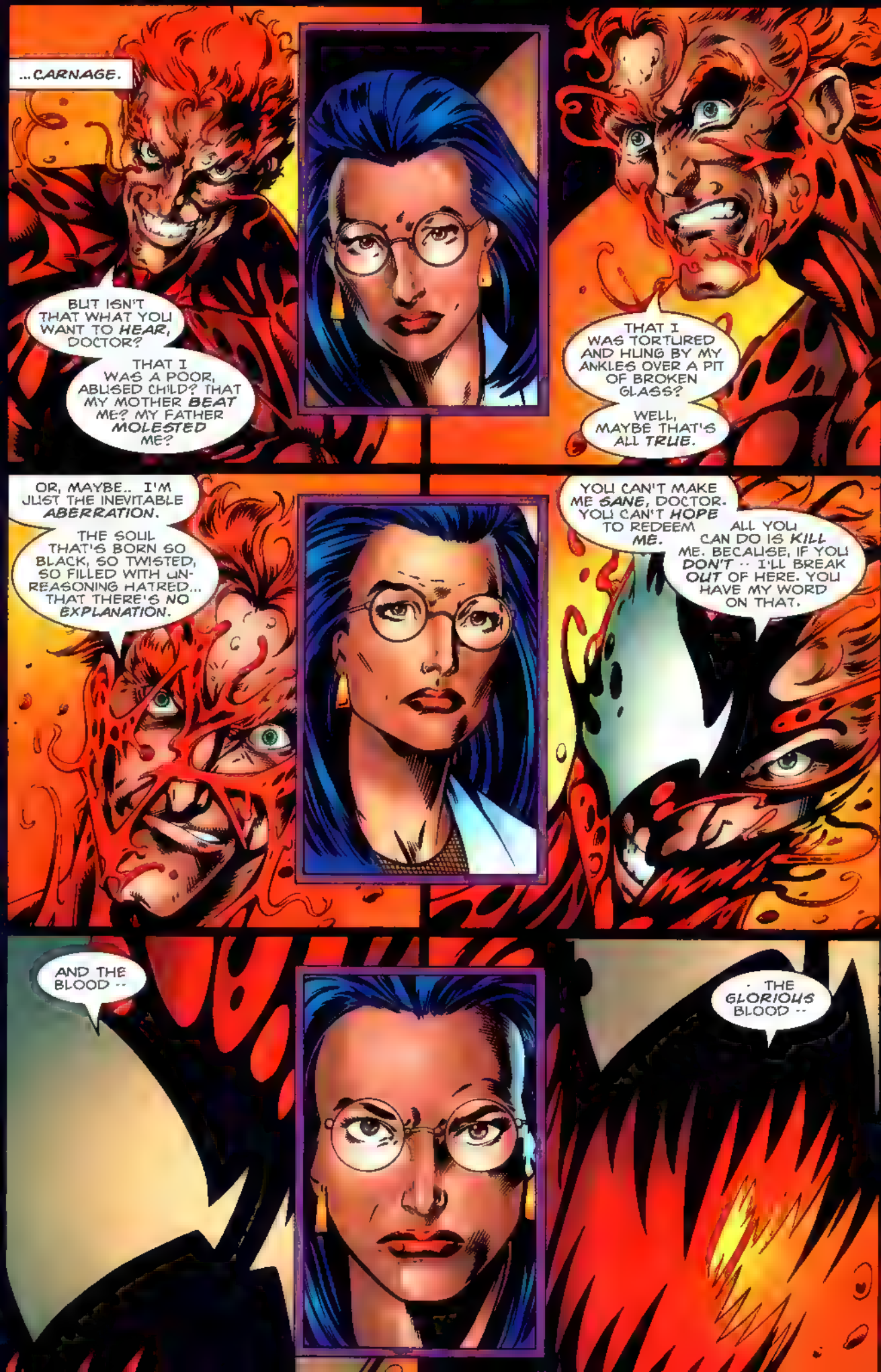
How many times have I heard the cocked gun...
...my father's helpless cry...
...the blast of thunder...
...the thud of my mother's body on the pavement?
And why...
...am I always too late to SAVE them?

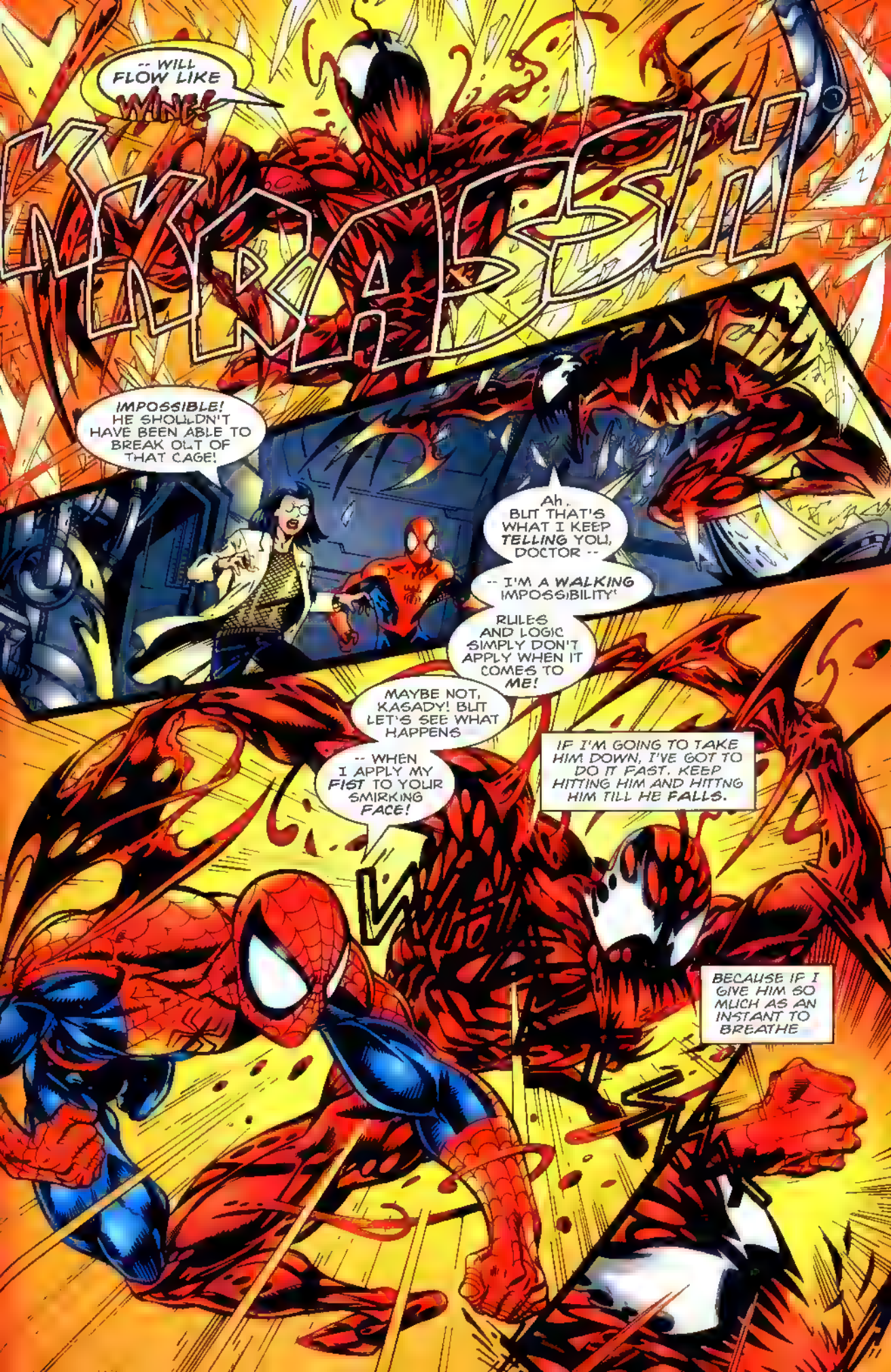
Just a punk with a gun. The kind of two-bit hoodlum I chew up and spit out without working up a sweat.
But I can never STOP him.
Time and again I find myself on this street corner, rage and hate boiling in my veins...
...and he just LAUGHS.
HEHHHEHA
HAHAHAHA
...but he's been STALKING me ever since...
A common punk? No! HE'S DEATH ITSELF!
He let me go that night -- left me there, terrified, caked in my parents' blood...
...waiting for the day when I let my guard down -- and he can FINISH what he began...
...on that dark and awful night.

The dream.
I should be used to it by now. After all, I've been dreaming it EVERY NIGHT... since I was a child.
EVERY NIGHT: waking up alone, in this cavernous house -- my screams echoing back at me. Not the screams of a man...
...but of a BOY.
A boy who still misses his mother and father with every fiber of his being.
But the truth is -- that boy died YEARS ago. Swept away with his parents -- in a flood of blood and bullets.
No, since that night I've been a MAN...
SIR?
IS EVERY-THING --
...WITH A MISSION.
-- ALL RIGHT?

God bless you, ALFRED: you tried your best to be both father AND mother to me. To make up for my loss. But your efforts were doomed from the start.
Because no matter how hard one man tries to reach out to another, there's a CHASM that can't be crossed. A wall of SOLITUDE that can't be penetrated.
Oh, sometimes I wonder what life would have been like had they lived: Would I have grown up to be Someone different? someone lighter of spirit -- with my mother's LAUGHTER... my father's KINDNESS?
But what's the point of wondering? I am what I am. What fate MADE me:
From dawn to dusk -- a lie named BRUCE WAYNE.
From dusk to dawn -- a truth called THE BATMAN.
And nothing can ever change that.

I HAVE TO SAY, DOCTOR KAFKA --
-- THAT I LOVE ALL THIS ATTENTION.
YOU KNOW -- WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY -- MOMMY AND DADDY IGNORED ME. THAT'S WHY I GREW UP TO BE SO BAD.
I'M JUST A POOR KIDDIE WHO WANTS SOMEONE TO PAY ATTENTION TO HIM.
AND NOW THAT YOU GOT ME TO ADMIT THAT... I GUESS I'M CURED.
SO WHY DON'T YOU LET ME OUT OF HERE?
I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT QUITE THAT EASY.
I COULD THINK OF SEVERAL DOZEN BETTER THINGS TO DO ON A SATURDAY NIGHT. BUT WHEN MY FRIEND ASHLEY KAFKA -- ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED PSYCHO THERAPISTS IN THE COUNTRY -- ASKED ME TO COME HERE TO RAVENCROFT INSTITUTE, SHE TOLD ME IT WAS IMPORTANT.
SAID IT CONCERNED THE LUNATIC IN THE CAGE: CLETUS KASADY. OR, AS THE MEDIA LIKES TO CALL HIM...


...CARNAGE.
BUT ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR, DOCTOR?
THAT I WAS A POOR, ABUSED CHILD? THAT MY MOTHER BEAT ME? MY FATHER MOLESTED ME?
THAT I WAS TORTURED AND HUNG BY MY ANKLES OVER A PIT OF BROKEN GLASS?
WELL, MAYBE THAT'S ALL TRUE.
OR, MAYBE.. I'M JUST THE INEVITABLE ABERRATION.
THE SOUL THAT'S BORN SO BLACK, SO TWISTED, SO FILLED WITH UN-REASONING HATRED... THAT THERE'S NO EXPLANATION.
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME SANE, DOCTOR. YOU CAN'T HOPE TO REDEEM ME.
ALL YOU CAN DO IS KILL ME. BECAUSE, IF YOU DON'T -- I'LL BREAK OUT OF HERE. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT.
AND THE BLOOD --
-- THE GLORIOUS BLOOD --


-- WILL FLOW LIKE WINE!
KRRAASH
IMPOSSIBLE! HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BREAK OUT OF THAT CAGE!
Ah, BUT THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLING YOU, DOCTOR --
-- I'M A WALKING IMPOSSIBILITY!
RULES AND LOGIC SIMPLY DON'T APPLY WHEN IT COMES TO ME!
MAYBE NOT, KASADY! BUT LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS
-- WHEN I APPLY MY FIST TO YOUR SMIRKING FACE!
IF I'M GOING TO TAKE HIM DOWN, I'VE GOT TO DO IT FAST. KEEP HITTING HIM AND HITTNG HIM TILL HE FALLS.
BECAUSE IF I GIVE HIM SO MUCH AS AN INSTANT TO BREATHE

..EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM...
.. MAYBE IN THE WHOLE BUILDING...
...IS AS GOOD AS DEAD!
NOW!
SHREEEEEEEEEEEE
NO!
NO NONO NO --
AND THERE'S EVERY CHANCE IN THE WORLD THAT I'LL BE THE FIRST TO --
COLONEL JAMESON --
NOOOOOO!
GLAD YOU HAD YOUR SECURITY GUYS STANDING BY WITH THE MICROWAVE GUNS, DOC. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I COULD HAVE CONTAINED HIM.
BUT THESE HIGH-INTENSITY HEAT WAVES ONLY NEUTRALIZE KASADY'S SYMBIOTE FOR SHORT PERIODS OF TIME. THE ONLY WAY WE CAN TRULY NEUTRALIZE CARNAGE'S THREAT IS THROUGH HIS MIND.
FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO BLUNT, DOCTOR --

BUT THIS ANIMAL IS BEYOND THERAPY. IT'S SHEER DELUSION -- IF NOT MEGALOMANIA --
-- ON YOUR PART TO THINK THAT YOU CAN SAVE HIM.
Oh... BUT YOU CAN?
NO. BUT I CAN SAVE SOCIETY FROM HIM. AND FROM BLEEDING HEART DO-GOODERS LIKE YOURSELF.
HEY -- WHO'S YOUR CHARMING FRIEND?
THE NAME IS CASSANDRA BRIAR. I'M A BEHAVIORAL PSYCHOLOGIST. AND I'VE BEEN APPOINTED BY CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE TO DEAL WITH CLETUS KASADY -- AND OTHERS LIKE HIM.
DEAL? HOW?
WORKING WITH VARIOUS GOVERNMENT RESEARCH GROUPS, Ms. BRIAR HAS DEVELOPED WHAT SHE CLAIMS...
..IS A BIO-TECHNIC CURE FOR INSANITY.
I DON'T "CLAIM" ANYTHING, DOCTOR. IT'S TRUE.
WE SIMPLY INSERT A SMALL COMPUTER CHIP INTO THE CEREBRAL CORTEX -- WHICH SUBTLY ALTERS THE ABERRANT'S BRAIN WAVES --
-- TURNING HIM INTO A MINDLESS DRONE.
THE GOOD DOCTOR EXAGGERATES, SPIDER MAN. THE SUBJECT MAY EMERGE FROM THE PROCESS A TRIFLE... SLOW. A LITTLE DOCILE.
BUT, AS YOU KNOW BETTER THAN MOST, IT'S A SMALL PRICE TO PAY WHEN WEIGHED AGAINST THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS.
THIS IS MADNESS! I KNOW I CAN REACH KASADY. EVERY HEART -- NO MATTER HOW TWISTED -- POSSESSES SOME SPARK OF DECENCY... OF INHERENT HUMANITY... THAT CAN BE NURTURED AND --
PLEASE, DOCTOR. YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE. AND YOU'VE FAILED.
BUT WHAT YOU'RE PROPOSING -- IS NOTHING SHORT OF A HIGH-TECH LOBOTOMY.
I'M NOT PROPOSING ANYTHING. I'M DOING IT. HERE AND NOW --
-- WITH THE FULL SANCTION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

WAIT A MINUTE! ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT YOU'RE JUST GOING TO --
I DIDN'T INVITE DEBATE ON THIS SUBJECT -- AND I DIDN'T INVITE YOU! IN FACT, I WANT YOU OFF THE PREMISES BEFORE
I INVITED HIM, Ms. BRIAR. HE DESERVES TO BE HERE.
SPIDER MAN KNOWS MORE ABOUT KASADY THAN ANYONE. HE'S RISKED HIS LIFE AGAINST HIM A DOZEN TIMES OVER --
EXACTLY MY POINT. A DOZEN TIMES OVER --
-- AND EVEN HE COULDN'T STOP THAT LUNATIC.
WELL, MARK MY WORDS. BOTH OF YOU
" -- HE'S BEING STOPPED TONIGHT."
I DO KNOW KASADY BETTER THAN ANYONE.

I'VE WADED, HIP DEEP, THROUGH THE TRAIL OF BODIES HE'S LEFT IN HIS WAKE. I'VE LOOKED INTO HIS EYES · AND FELT MY BLOOD TURN TO ICE.
HOWEVER MUCH SHE'S LACKING IN THE SOCIAL GRACES, CASSANDRA BRIAR MAY HAVE THE ONLY SOLUTION TO DEALING WITH THE CARNAGES OF THE WORLD.
SO WHY DO I FEEL, TO THE BOTTOM OF MY SOUL · THAT SHE'S WRONG?
KAFKA THINKS THERE'S A "SPARK OF DECENCY" IN MEN LIKE KASADY. I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S TRUE.
BUT I DO KNOW THAT WE CAN'T JUST "CORRECT" PEOPLE AS IF THEY WERE DEFECTIVE COMPUTER PROGRAMS.
BUT IF THIS EXPERIMENT WORKS... IF BRIAR GETS THE RESULTS SHE'S HOPING FOR
..YOU CAN BET THAT TONIGHT'S PROCEDURE
AH HA HA HA HA!
...WON'T BE THE LAST.

NOW I'VE HAD SOME CLEVER IDEAS IN MY TIME --
-- BUT THIS ONE IS SO BRILLIANT EVEN I'M AMAZED AT MYSELF.
AND I DON'T AMAZE EASILY!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS UNLOCK THIS ITTY-BITTY CAGE. SEND MY WINGED BEAUTIES FLYING OUT OVER THE SPIRES OF GOTHAM --
-- AND THEN --
-- THE WHOLE CITY WILL BE GOING ABSOLUTELY BATTY!
FORGET IT, JOKER!

DID YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU'D WIN THIS ONE?
THAT I'D LET YOU INFECT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WITH THE VIRUS YOU INJECTED INTO THOSE BATS?
WELL, ACTUALLY... I DID. I MEAN, YOU'VE BEEN ON MY TAIL FOR WEEKS NOW -- AND I'VE BEEN OUTWITTING YOU. OUTRUNNING YOU.
ANOTHER THIRTY SECONDS AND MY MADNESS-PLAGUE WOULD HAVE BEGUN!
THINK OF IT: EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN GOTHAM. AS LOONEY AS I AM!
-SIGH- Ah, WELL. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO BEAT ME UP NOW.
I WON'T LAY A GLOVE ON YOU -- IF YOU COME QUIETLY.
SORRY, OLD PAL
-- IT'S JUST NOT MY STYLE!
CHOMP
He BIT me!
The maniac BIT me!

All these years he's been haunting me, like some cackling ghost.
Maybe. Maybe we're destined to do this over and over till we're old men. Till we DIE.
And if that's what I have to do to protect my city from the Joker's poisonous mind...
IF I MAY BE BLUNT, DOCTOR ARKHAM --
...so be it.
All these years I've been STOPPING him, bringing him to justice. And for WHAT?
So he can escape from ARKHAM ASYLUM again and again? So he can keep laughing in the face of all that's good and decent?
-- YOUR ASYLUM HAS FAILED MISERABLY WHERE THE JOKER IS CONCERNED.
I'VE READ ALL YOUR FILES -- AND IT'S CLEAR THAT NO THERAPY CAN CRACK THE WALLS AROUND THAT PSYCHE.
IS THERE A POINT TO ALL THIS, MS. BRIAR --
-- OR ARE YOU SIMPLY FOND OF BELABORING THE OBVIOUS?
THE POINT, DOCTOR, IS THAT I CAN HELP YOU -- YOU AND THE PEOPLE OF GOTHAM CITY. MY BIO-TECHNIC CHIP WILL REHABILITATE THE JOKER IN A WAY THAT --
THE ONLY REHABILITATION FOR THE JOKER IS TO KEEP HIM LOCKED AWAY HERE FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS.
I'VE READ YOUR REPORTS... YOUR OUTRAGEOUS CLAIMS... BUT, FRANKLY, WE DON'T GO IN FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL FADS HERE AT ARKHAM.
UNTIL SOMETHING HAS BEEN TESTED, PROVEN, I --
IT HAS BEEN TESTED, DOCTOR -- ON PERHAPS THE ONLY MIND ON THE PLANET AS WARPED, AS UNSALVAGEABLE, AS THE JOKER'S.
TAKE A GOOD LOOK, DOCTOR --

-- AND SEE ALL THE PROOF YOU'LL EVER NEED!
THE GUARDS, I ASSURE YOU, ARE UNNECESSARY. MY... FRIEND Dr. KAFKA INSISTED ON THEM - BECAUSE, SHE, LIKE YOU, IS FULL OF DOUBT.
BUT, REALLY, WHAT IS THERE TO DOUBT? THE EVIDENCE IS STANDING HERE -- BIG AS LIFE.
CLETUS KASADY IS A CHANGED MAN.
MY CHIP HAS NOT ONLY CALMED THE AGGRESSIVE CENTERS OF HIS BRAIN... BUT IT'S FORCED HIS SYMBIOTE INTO A STATE OF DORMANCY.
WITH NO VIOLENT EMOTIONS TO FEED OFF .. IT IS, ESSENTIALLY, TRAPPED WITHIN KASADY'S BODY --
-- AND UTTERLY TAME.
CLETUS . CLETUS, LOOK AT ME.
N NO I DON T WANNA
LOOK AT ME
DO YOU SEE HOW HARD IT IS FOR HIM?
HE'S BECOME SUCH A COWED, TIMID SOUL -- THAT TO RAISE HIS EYES AND FACE ANOTHER HUMAN BEING -- IS ALMOST PAINFUL.
SO WHAT'S NEXT, BRIAR? TAKE HIM ON A TOUR AROUND THE COUNTRY - MAYBE GET HIM ON SOME TALK SHOWS?
WHY NOT A CIRCUS FREAK SHOW -- RIGHT NEXT TO THE FAT LADY AND THE DOG FACED BOY?
WHAT'S NEXT?
ON CONGRESSIONAL AUTHORITY... I WILL IMPLANT MY CHIP IN THE JOKER --
- AND THEN -- A NEW ERA --
-- HAS DAWNED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

ONE WEEK AGO, THE JOKER UNDERWENT BIO-TECHNIC SURGERY.. AND THE RESULT, AS YOU CAN SEE, IS SIMPLY... STUNNING.

THIS MURDEROUS MADMAN... WHO HAS, TIME AND AGAIN, BROUGHT THE CITY OF GOTHAM TO ITS KNEES --

-- IS NOW AS HARMLESS AS A PUPPY.

TONIGHT, I TAKE THE JOKER AND CLETUS KASADY TO WASHINGTON... TO MEET WITH BOTH THE PRESIDENT AND THE MAJORITY LEADER --

-- TO DISCUSS THE POSSIBILITY OF MY CHIP THERAPY BEING USED ON A FAR BROADER SCALE.

WHAT ABOUT THE HUMAN RIGHTS GROUPS WHO HAVE DENOUNCED YOUR WORK, DOCTOR -- SAYING THAT YOUR "THERAPY" IS MERELY FASCISM IN NEW AGE CLOTHING?

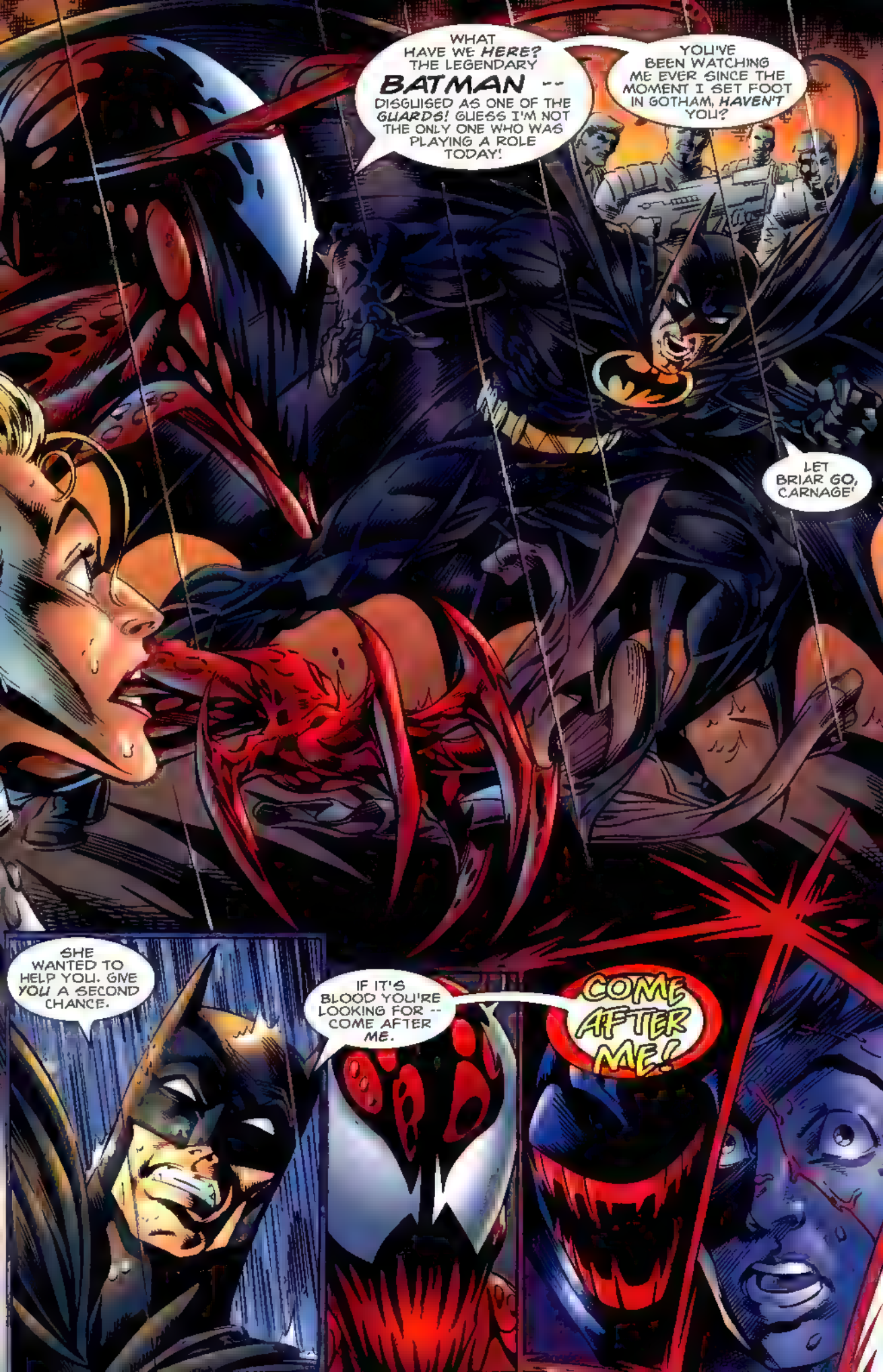
EXTREMISTS... WITH EXTREME -- AND REPUGNANT -- VIEWS. THE SUGGESTION THAT I WOULD EVEN CONSIDER IMPLANTING THESE CHIPS IN COMMON CRIMINALS IS ABSURD.

WHAT I HOPE TO ERADICATE ARE THE IRREDEEMABLE PSYCHOPATHS --

-- WHO HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES BEYOND THE REACH OF CONVENTIONAL THERAPIES AND METHODS OF REHABILITATION.

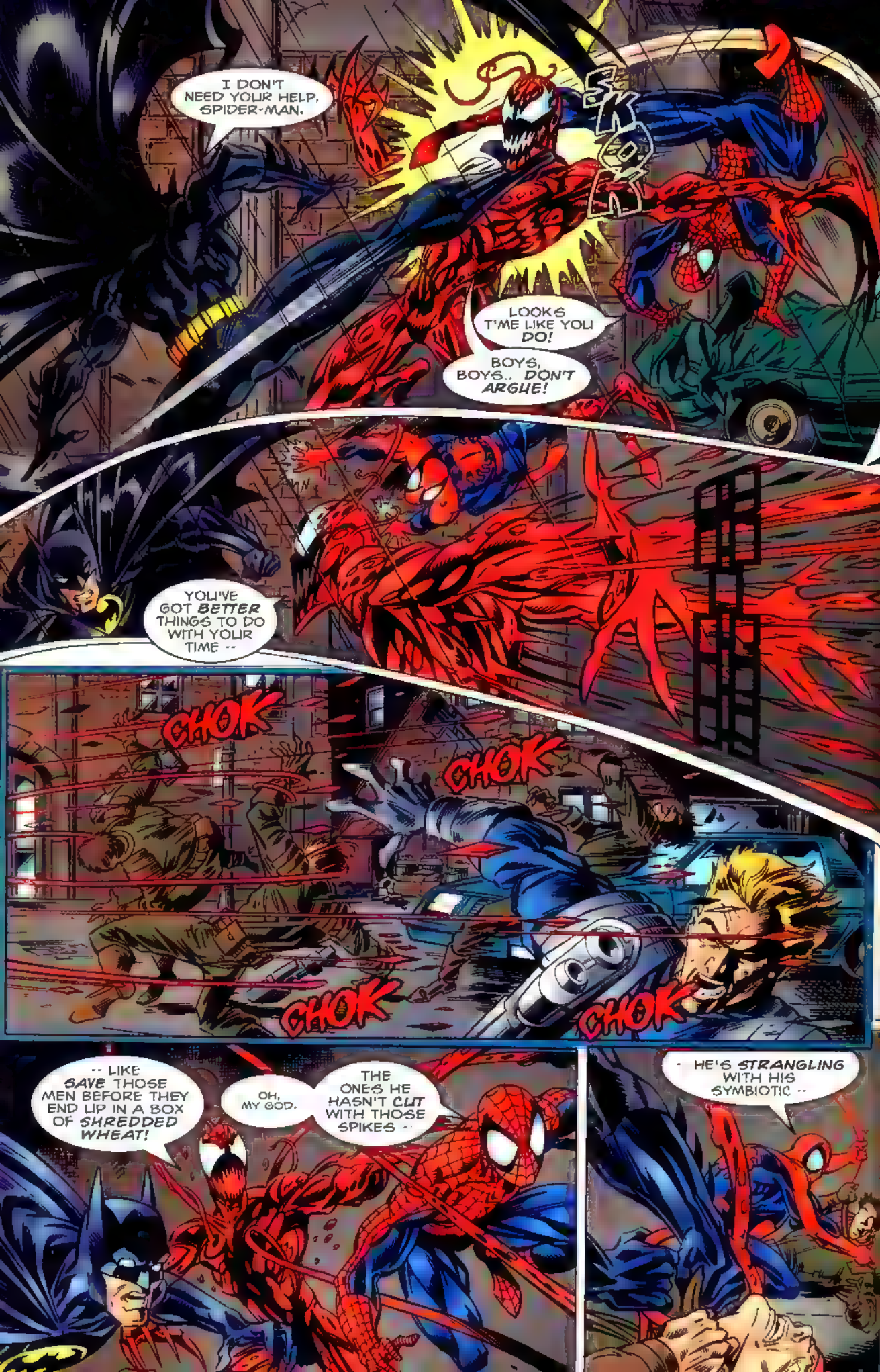
IF I WAS NERVOUS -- I WOULDN'T HAVE ASKED THE ARMED GUARDS TO RIDE IN THE OTHER CARS.
WELL, I'M NERVOUS ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US.
NO REASON TO BE. I ASSURE YOU.. MY CHIP WORKS.
THESE TWO ARE NOT THE MEN THEY ONCE WERE. TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, THE JOKER AND CARNAGE ARE -
DEAD..?!
BURIED, Ms. BRIAR --
-- BUT NOT DEAD YET!
Oh, NO! Oh NO! Oh, NO!
I-IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
OF COURSE IT IS .. YOU ARROGANT IDIOT!
MY SYMBIOTE SHORTED OUT YOUR LITTLE CHIP JUST AS SOON AS YOU SEWED ME BACK UP!
ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN PLAYING THE SHEEP .. WAITING FOR JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT --
-- TO EXPLODE BACK INTO THE WORLD!
CRASH

NOW I'LL JUST COLLECT YOU AND MY PASTY-FACED FRIEND HERE --
HAAALLP!
-- AND LET THE SLAUGHTER BEGIN!
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER, CARNAGE. TH-THOSE GUARDS WILL STOP YOU. THEY'VE GOT MICROWAVE GUNS AND --
I DON'T CARE IF THEY'VE GOT MICROWAVE OVENS!
THEY TAKE SO MUCH AS ONE STEP CLOSER -- AND I'LL EVISCERATE YOU, MS. BRIAR.
SNIP.
SNIP.
SNIP.
I'M FEELING RATHER BENEVOLENT TO-NIGHT, GENTS! AND I'M IN SOMETHING OF A RUSH!
SO BACK OFF -- AND I'LL LET YOU LIVE.
GO HOME TO YOUR WIVES AND CHILDREN TELL THEM YOU MET DEATH, FACE-TO FACE --
-- AND HE GAVE YOU A SECOND CHANCE.
WH WHADDA WE DO NOW?
YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING.
LEAVE IT TO ME.
WELL, WELL, WELLLL!


WHAT HAVE WE *HERE?* THE LEGENDARY **BATMAN** -- DISGUISED AS ONE OF THE *GUARDS!* GUESS I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS PLAYING A ROLE TODAY!
YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING ME EVER SINCE THE MOMENT I SET FOOT IN GOTHAM, *HAVEN'T* YOU?
LET BRIAR GO, CARNAGE!
SHE WANTED TO HELP YOU. GIVE *YOU* A SECOND CHANCE.
IF IT'S BLOOD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR -- COME AFTER *ME*.
COME AFTER ME!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, FRIEND.
HELP ME HELP ME HELP ME
I'M NOT THE PENGUIN OR THE RIDDLER OR TWO FACE. I'M NOT OBSESSED WITH YOU. TRUTH IS, I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOU.
TO ME, ONE SEVERED ARTERY IS AS GOOD AS THE NEXT.
HER BLOOD IS AS TASTY AS YO-
THWIP
WHAT?
NOOO!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
Oh, I DON'T KNOW. GUESS I KINDA MISSED YOU.
THOSE EYES.. THOSE LIPS... THAT SWEET, SWEET SMILE!
YOU'VE SPOILED MY FUN ONCE TOO OFTEN, SPIDER MAN! AND TONIGHT I'M GOING TO --
YOU'LL .
..DO...

NOTHING!
SNAKT
DON'T LET'M GET ME! PLEASE --
-- DON'T LET'M GET ME!
JOKER, MY FRIEND -- YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN GOTHAM WHO DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME!
BUT AS FOR YOU -- FIRST I'M GOING TO SLICE OFF THOSE RIDICULOUS EARS --
-- AND THEN YOUR OTHER BODY PARTS WILL FOLLOW IN SHORT ORDER!
BUK
SHUT UP.
FORGET IT, BATS --
-- KASADY'S MORE IN LOVE WITH THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE THAN RUSH LIMBAUGH!

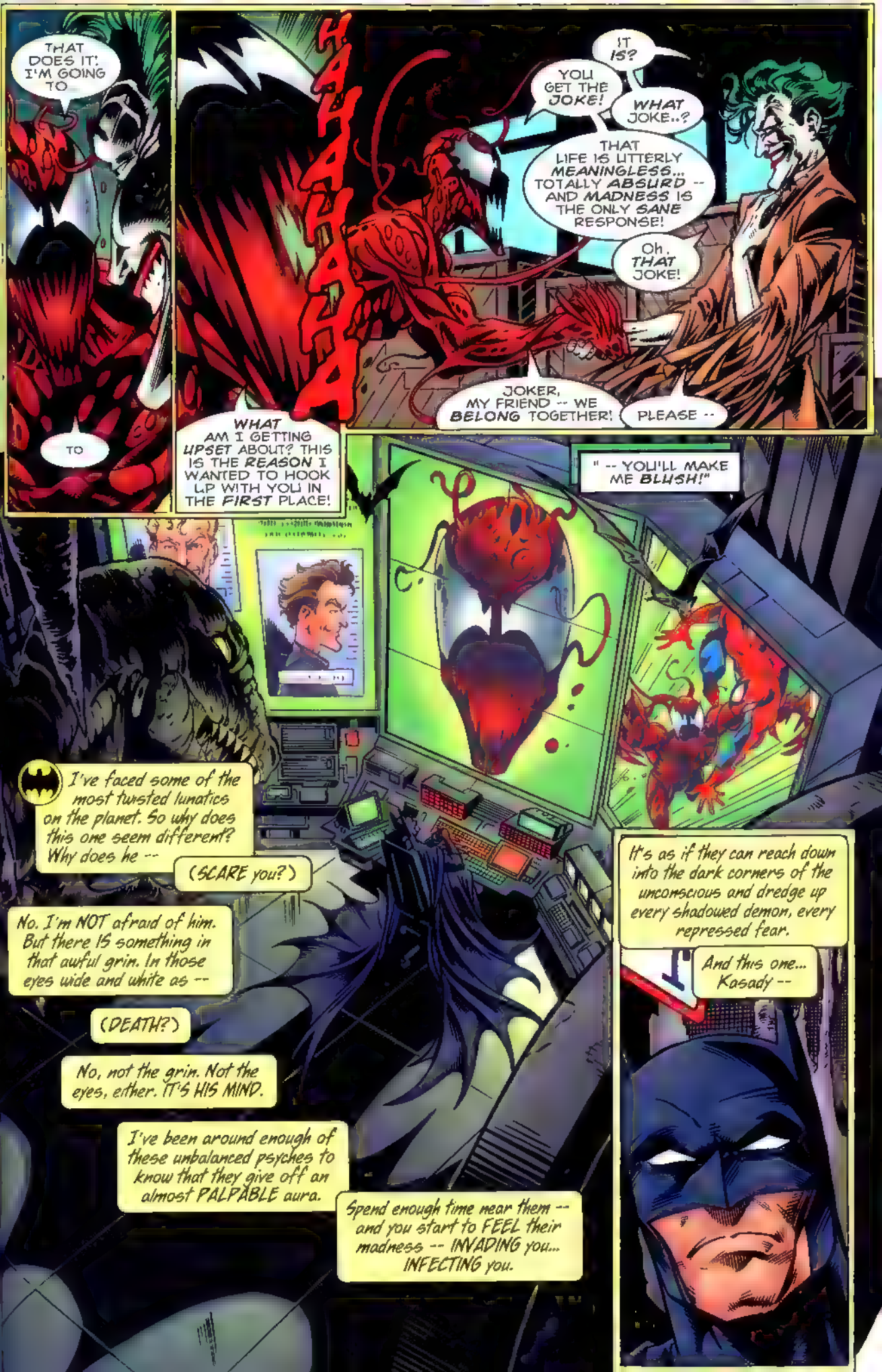

I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP, SPIDER-MAN.
SKOK
LOOKS T'ME LIKE YOU DO!
BOYS, BOYS.. DON'T ARGUE!
YOU'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR TIME --
CHOK
CHOK
CHOK
CHOK
-- LIKE SAVE THOSE MEN BEFORE THEY END UP IN A BOX OF SHREDDED WHEAT!
OH, MY GOD.
THE ONES HE HASN'T CUT WITH THOSE SPIKES --
-- HE'S STRANGLING WITH HIS SYMBIOTIC --

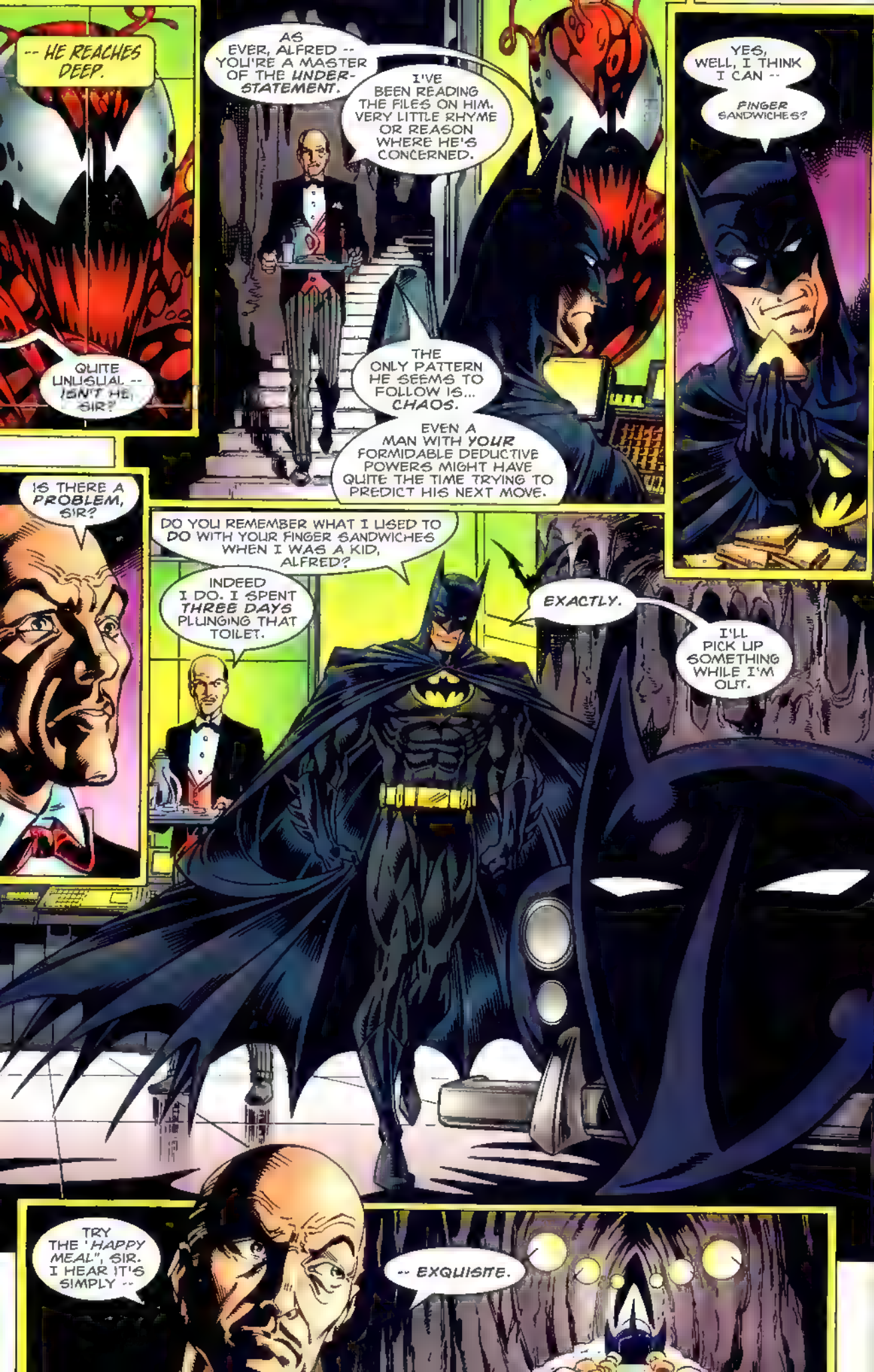
-- TENDRILS..?!
HE'S GONE.
AND HE TOOK THE JOKER WITH HIM.
SO WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
SOON AS WE SEE TO THE WOUNDED
-- YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT."
I GUESS YOU WANNA MAP OUT SOME KIND OF BATTLE-PLAN, Huh? CONSIDERING KASADY'S HISTORY, I THINK WE CA--
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CITY?
EXCUSE ME?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CITY?
DOCTOR KAFKA ASKED ME TO COME ALONG. TO KEEP TABS ON CARNAGE IN CASE --
I WANT YOU GONE. NOW.
EXCUSE ME?
GOTHAM ISN'T NEW YORK. SHE HAS A UNIQUE PERSONALITY... AND UNIQUE DANGERS. I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING HURT.
AND I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING IN MY WAY.
I'M NOT HERE TO GET IN YOUR WAY
I'M HERE TO HELP.
I TOLD YOU, I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP --

-- OR WANT IT.
WELL .. LIKE IT OR NOT --
-- YOU'RE GONNA GET IT.
ASTONISHING, ISN'T IT -- WHAT THEY CAN DO TO YOU WHEN THEY MUCK WITH YOUR BRAIN?
P-P-PUH-LEEEZE!
TURN A MASS MURDERER AT THE PINNACLE OF HIS CAREER INTO A SQUIRMING LITTLE JELLYFISH.
I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
Y'KNOW, THE REASON I PLAYED DUMB FOR SO LONG WAS BECAUSE I WANTED TO GET INTO ARKHAM.. MEET YOU... WORK WITH YOU.
I'VE ADMIRED YOU FROM AFAR, JOKER OLD BOY. ADMIRED YOUR HOMICIDAL GENIUS... YOUR SHAMELESS DEPRAVITY!
Oh BUT LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO YOU -- !

WELL, DON'T WET YOUR PANTS, CLOWNY
-- 'CAUSE UNCLE CLETE HAS JUST THE CURE --
-- FOR WHAT AILS YOU.
WH WH- WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
PLIP
WITH A LITTLE LUCK, THIS SYMBIOTE-FRAGMENT WILL MAKE ITS WAY UP INTO YOUR BRAIN --
-- AND SHORT-CIRCUIT THAT BIO-TECHNIC CHIP --
-- RESTORING YOU TO HEALTHY, HAPPY LUNACY.
ARRR
OF COURSE IF I MAKE EVEN THE TEENSIEST ERROR --
ARRRR
-- YOU'LL BE A BRAIN- DAMAGED VEGETABLE FOR THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL --

OUT OF MY WAY, SON -- I'VE GOT PLACES TO GO... PEOPLE TO MAIM!
HOLD ON, HOLD ON -- WHERE AM I? LAST THING I REMEMBER I WAS IN MY CELL IN ARKHAM --
-- PLAYING CANASTA WITH TWO RATS AND A COCKROACH!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T JU--
HOW DID I GET HERE? AND WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?
WELL, I'M
DOESN'T MATTER! I LIKE YOUR SMILE! IT'S MY KINDA SMILE!
STOP BABBLING AND LISTEN TO M
EEK!
WHERE DID I GET THIS DRAB OLD THING?
WE HAVE TO TALK ABOU--
MIND IF I BORROW YOUR CLAW FOR HALF A MO?
WHAT ARE YOU -- ?!
SHRRR
TA-DAAA!
WELL -- WHAT DO YOU THINK?
BE HONEST!
BE BRUTAL!

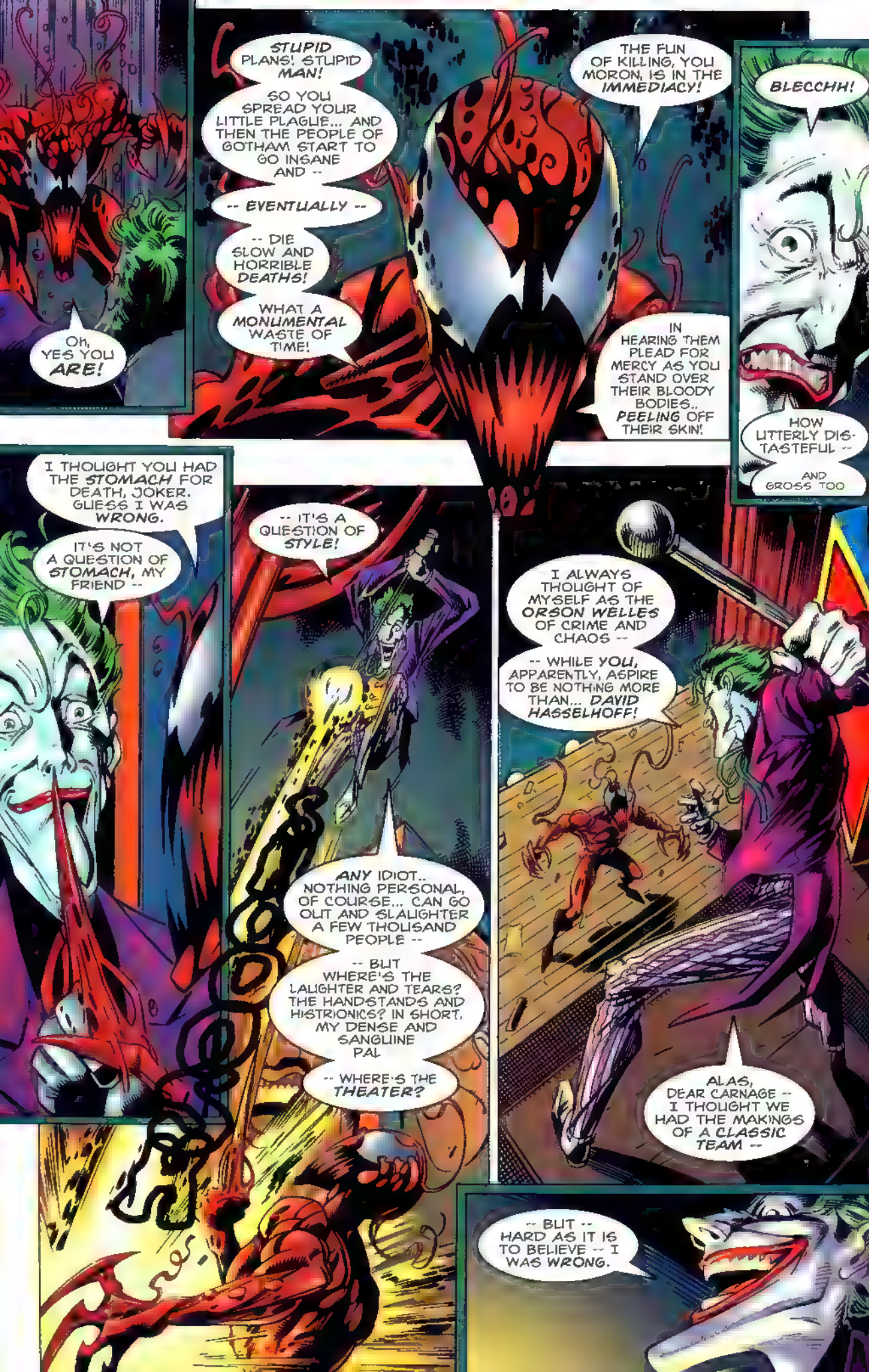

THAT DOES IT! I'M GOING TO
TO
HAHAHAHA
IT IS?
YOU GET THE JOKE!
WHAT JOKE..?
THAT LIFE IS LITTERLY MEANINGLESS... TOTALLY ABSURD -- AND MADNESS IS THE ONLY SANE RESPONSE!
Oh, THAT JOKE!
JOKER, MY FRIEND -- WE BELONG TOGETHER!
PLEASE --
WHAT AM I GETTING UPSET ABOUT? THIS IS THE REASON I WANTED TO HOOK UP WITH YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE!
" -- YOU'LL MAKE ME BLUSH!"
I've faced some of the most twisted lunatics on the planet. So why does this one seem different? Why does he --
(SCARE you?)
No. I'm NOT afraid of him. But there IS something in that awful grin. In those eyes wide and white as --
(DEATH?)
No, not the grin. Not the eyes, either. IT'S HIS MIND.
I've been around enough of these unbalanced psyches to know that they give off an almost PALPABLE aura.
Spend enough time near them -- and you start to FEEL their madness -- INVADING you... INFECTING you.
It's as if they can reach down into the dark corners of the unconscious and dredge up every shadowed demon, every repressed fear.
And this one... Kasady --


-- HE REACHES DEEP.
QUITE UNUSUAL -- ISN'T HE, SIR?
AS EVER, ALFRED -- YOU'RE A MASTER OF THE UNDER-STATEMENT.
I'VE BEEN READING THE FILES ON HIM. VERY LITTLE RHYME OR REASON WHERE HE'S CONCERNED.
THE ONLY PATTERN HE SEEMS TO FOLLOW IS... CHAOS.
EVEN A MAN WITH YOUR FORMIDABLE DEDUCTIVE POWERS MIGHT HAVE QUITE THE TIME TRYING TO PREDICT HIS NEXT MOVE.
YES, WELL, I THINK I CAN --
FINGER SANDWICHES?
IS THERE A PROBLEM, SIR?
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I USED TO DO WITH YOUR FINGER SANDWICHES WHEN I WAS A KID, ALFRED?
INDEED I DO. I SPENT THREE DAYS PLUNGING THAT TOILET.
EXACTLY.
I'LL PICK UP SOMETHING WHILE I'M OUT.
TRY THE "HAPPY MEAL", SIR. I HEAR IT'S SIMPLY --
-- EXQUISITE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! ME .. PETER PARKER... FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE BATMAN!
THAT GUY'S NOT JUST ANOTHER DIME-A-DOZEN MUSCLEHEAD IN TIGHTS -- HE'S A LEGEND!
MAYBE I SHOULD JUST DO WHAT BATMAN SAID... JUST CLEAR OUT OF GOTHAM... LEAVE CARNAGE AND JOKER TO HIM, AND --
UH-OH.
SPIDER-SENSE IS TINGLING LIKE MAD! BUT WHERE IS IT COMING FRO --
Oh, GOD -- SOMEBODY.. PLEASE --
THERE!
-- HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!
AND WHO AM I TO GET IN A LEGEND'S WAY?
HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!
PEOPLE IN THAT APARTMENT BUILDING BY THEIR WINDOWS, LISTENING . WATCHING...
.. BUT NO ONE IS DOING ANYTHING!
HOW CAN THEY JUST STAND THERE LIKE THAT -- WHEN SOMEONE NEEDS HELP?
HOW?
THE SAME WAY I ONCE IGNORED A CRY FOR HELP... LET A THIEF RUN RIGHT PAST ME.

THE SAME MAN .
...WHO LATER MURDERED MY UNCLE BEN!
YOU'RE RIGHT I'M GONNA KILL YOU, WITCH! GONNA CUT OUT YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEART!
SORRY, BATMAN: IT MAY BE YOUR CITY...
BUT BEFORE I DO
THWAP
YOU'RE GOING TO SHUT YOUR BIG BAD MOUTH --
LOOK... JUST GIVE UP · OR THIS IS GONNA GET REALLY EMBARRASSING!
NEVER!
OOOMFF MMPH!
...I TOLD HIM IT WAS GONNA GET EMBARRASSING.
YOU OKAY, MISS?
Y-YES. I AM NOW.
YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN, AREN'T YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN GOTHAM?
AND DROP YOUR BIG BAD KNIFE!
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, MAN OR I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN, TOO!
.. BUT IT'S MY CONSCIENCE.
LET'S JUST SAY I'M HERE HELPING A --

FRIEND..?!
SKREEEEEEE
GET IN.
PLEASE?
Y'SEE, CARNAGE -- OL' BUDDY, OL' PAL -- THE POLICE DIDN'T CONFISCATE ALL OF MY TOP-SECRET VIRUS!
I HAD A TOP-SECRET STASH... RIGHT HERE IN MY TOP-SECRET HIDEOUT --
TINK TINK TINK TINK TINKA TINK TINK
-- HIDDEN IN THE TANK OF MY TOP-SECRET POTTY!
TINK
POP!
SO WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO IS SPRAY HUNDREDS OF THESE LITTLE "JOKER IN-THE BOXES" WITH THE VIRUS AND HIDE THEM AMONG A WAREHOUSE OF TOYS THAT THE WAYNE FOUNDATION WILL BE GIVING AWAY TO NEEDY TOTS THIS CHRISTMAS!
AND THEN . ON CHRISTMAS MORNING WHEN ALL THE KIDDIES OPEN THEIR PRESENTS --
SKRAK
HEY! I WASN'T FINISHED!


Oh, YES YOU ARE!
STUPID PLANS! STUPID MAN!
SO YOU SPREAD YOUR LITTLE PLAGUE... AND THEN THE PEOPLE OF GOTHAM START TO GO INSANE AND --
-- EVENTUALLY --
-- DIE SLOW AND HORRIBLE DEATHS!
WHAT A MONUMENTAL WASTE OF TIME!
THE FUN OF KILLING, YOU MORON, IS IN THE IMMEDIACY!
IN HEARING THEM PLEAD FOR MERCY AS YOU STAND OVER THEIR BLOODY BODIES.. PEELING OFF THEIR SKIN!
BLECCHH!
HOW LITTERLY DIS-TASTEFUL --
AND GROSS TOO
I THOUGHT YOU HAD THE STOMACH FOR DEATH, JOKER. GUESS I WAS WRONG.
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF STOMACH, MY FRIEND --
-- IT'S A QUESTION OF STYLE!
ANY IDIOT.. NOTHING PERSONAL, OF COURSE... CAN GO OUT AND SLAUGHTER A FEW THOUSAND PEOPLE --
-- BUT WHERE'S THE LAUGHTER AND TEARS? THE HANDSTANDS AND HISTRIONICS? IN SHORT, MY DENSE AND SANGUINE PAL
-- WHERE'S THE THEATER?
I ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MYSELF AS THE ORSON WELLES OF CRIME AND CHAOS --
-- WHILE YOU, APPARENTLY, ASPIRE TO BE NOTHING MORE THAN... DAVID HASSELHOFF!
ALAS, DEAR CARNAGE -- I THOUGHT WE HAD THE MAKINGS OF A CLASSIC TEAM --
-- BUT -- HARD AS IT IS TO BELIEVE -- I WAS WRONG.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW WRONG!
WITH THAT LOUSY DIALOGUE. YOU'RE NOT EVEN UP TO HASSELHOFF'S LEVEL.
EVEN DOLPH LUNDGREN'S GOT MORE SPARKLE AND WIT!
I'M GOING TO TEAR YOU TO PIECES!
JOKER --
-- I
-- HAVE --
-- HAD --
ENOUGH
OF --
-- YOU..?!
Oooh I'M SHAKING IN MY WIDDLE BOOTS.
TA-TA, CHUMP!
DEE-DA-DEE-DEE-DEE-DEE-DEE-DA-DA DA-DEE--
-- RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-DAAA-DAAAA!
TH-TH-THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

WELL -- SO MUCH FOR THE COMPETITION.
I .. APOLOGIZE FOR LETTING MY EMOTIONS GET IN THE WAY EARLIER.
I REALIZED -- WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM A FRIEND -- THAT STUDYING A MIND AS FULL OF CONFLICTING, CONTRADICTORY IMPULSES AS KASADY'S JUST ISN'T ENOUGH.
I NEED THE BENEFIT OF YOUR INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF CARNAGE. YOUR FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCE WITH HIM.
YEAH, WELL, I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'D NEED TO TURN TO ME FOR HELP.
I MEAN, MOST OF THE GUYS DO. CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE FANTASTIC FOUR.
I KEEP WAITING FOR SUPERMAN TO CALL, BUT HE --
IT WAS JUST A LITTLE JOKE --
-- SIR.
BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP
THAT THE EJECTOR SEAT?
GOT HIM!
WHO?

KASADY.
THAT BIO-TECHNIC CHIP MAY BE NEUTRALIZED... BUT IT'S STILL IN THERE.
AND BRIAR, TO HER CREDIT, HAS THE THING TUNED TO A VERY SPECIFIC FREQUENCY.
JUDGING BY THE WRECKAGE UP AHEAD --
-- WE'VE FOUND HIM ALL RIGHT.
...WE MAY HAVE FOUND THE JOKER, AS WELL.
WHAT A MESS.
Mmm. I'VE GOT A FEELING THOSE TWO MIGHT NOT HAVE HIT IT OFF AS WELL AS WE HAVE.
YOU MEAN THAT... OR WERE YOU JUST BEING SARCASTIC?
LET'S START SIFTING THROUGH THIS STUFF AND SEE WHAT WE CAN
HEY.. LOOK!
OVER THERE!
CARNAGE!

IT APPEARS HE WAS NO MATCH FOR THE JOKER.
MAYBE.
MAYBE..?
I'VE SEEN HIM USE THIS TRICK BEFORE. WRAP A PIECE --
WRAP A PIECE OF HIS SYMBIOTE AROUND A DEAD BODY TO MAKE YOU THINK HE'S DEAD.
THE "MAXIMUM CARNAGE" AFFAIR, RIGHT?
YOU CERTAINLY DO YOUR HOME-WORK, DON'T YOU?
GUESS MY TRICK DIDN'T WORK.
BUT, FRANKLY, IT WASN'T YOU I WAS TRYING TO FOOL.
BATMAN MOVE -- BEFORE HE --
IT WAS THAT IMBECILE, JOKER!
I WAS SURE HE'D BE BACK TO CHECK ON ME!
BATMAN!
BUT -- HAPPY ACCIDENT!-- THINGS HAVE TURNED OUT EVEN BETTER --
-- THAN I'D PLANNED.
IF YOU'VE STUDIED ME, BATMAN -- THEN YOU'D KNOW THAT I'M TEN TIMES FASTER THAN THE AVERAGE MAN!
AND BENEATH THAT CAPE AND COWL, YOU'RE CLEARLY JUST THAT --
-- ACHINGLY AVERAGE.
AND WITHOUT YOUR SYMBIOTE, KASADY -- YOU'RE JUST A COMMON STREET PUNK.
Oh, REALLY? WELL, THIS "STREET PUNK" IS GOING TO DO WHAT NO MAN HAS DONE BEFORE -
-- HE'S GOING TO KILL THE BATMAN!
HEHHEH
A common street punk? NO!

HE'S DEATH ITSELF.
COULD BE THE JOKER WAS RIGHT. COULD BE I NEED TO GET A LITTLE MORE --
-- THEATRICAL!
AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO SEND MELODRAMATIC RIPPLES OF TERROR THROUGH GOTHAM -- THAN BY VERY PUBLICLY EXECUTING HER PROTECTOR?
I'LL DO IT TONIGHT -- ON TOP OF THE GOTHAM TOWERS. WITH THE ALERTED MEDIA OUT IN FORCE.
GERALDO RIVERA ASKING MY OPINIONS ON THE PRESSING ISSUES OF THE DAY -- AS I DO THE DIRTY DEED.
AND DON'T YOU GET ANY BRIGHT IDEAS ABOUT SAVING HIM, WEBS!
TAKE ONE STEP TOWARD ME -- AND HE'S BAT GUACAMOLE!
He let me go that night -- left me there, terrified, caked in my parent's blood...
...but he's been stalking me ever since...
HE'LL KILL ME EITHER WAY!
STOP HIM --
...waiting for the day when I let my guard down -- and he can FINISH what he began...
NOW!
...on that dark and awful night.
BATMAN, OLD CHUM -- YOUR SELF-SACRIFICING NATURE NEVER FAILS TO AMAZE
-- AND SICKEN --
-- ME!
SORRY, CHILI-CON-CARNAGE --
THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO LET YOU KILL HIM. OR SLICE AND DICE YOUR WAY THROUGH GOTHAM.

DA-DING-DA-DING-DA-DING
DA-DING-DA-
DA-DING
DA-DING-DA-DING-DA-DING
DINK DINK
IT'S MY TOWN -- AND MY BATMAN!
MINE ALONE TO PLAY WITH FOR THE SHEER, INTOXICATING FUN OF IT!
OF COURSE, IF YOU INSIST ON GOING THROUGH WITH THIS --
-- I'LL HAVE NO RECOURSE BUT TO POP THE WEASEL --
-- AND UNLEASH THE VIRUS --
-- HERE AND NOW!
I'D RATHER SEE ALL OF GOTHAM DEAD, MY CHARMING SELF INCLUDED.
THAN SEE YOU WIN.
HEHEHEHHE
DA-DING-DA-DING-DA-DING
DA-DING-DA-
DA-DING
IT MAKES NO SENSE!
TO PREVENT CARNAGE FROM KILLING BATMAN -- JOKER'D UNLEASH A PLAGUE ON THE WHOLE CITY?
THIS IS THE KIND OF MADNESS..
...THE KIND OF CHAOS...
. I'VE BATTLED SINCE UNCLE BEN DIED!

WELL, KLETESKY-WETESKY
DA-DING-DA-DING
DA-DING-DA-DING
-- WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?
Kasady's actually... afraid -- and his fear is affecting his control of the SYMBIOTE!
Makes sense when you think about it.
Death is usually what these mass murderers fear most of all.
In their warped minds, they're trying to appease the Reaper by killing so many people...
YOU -- YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
YOU WOULDN'T!
...hoping that their human sacrifices will keep death away from THEM!
GUT
THWIP
THWAP
HEYYYY --
-- GOOD AIM!

I was wrong.
The man beneath that symbiotic shell isn't a common street punk.
And he isn't some dark god come to CLAIM me.
In the farthest corner of his scarred psyche...
I guess that's true of all of us.
But with a little luck... and a little GRACE...
...Cletus Kasady is just a SCARED LITTLE BOY.
...SOME of us...
PAK

...grow up to be men.
RUN AWAY ..RUN AWAY..
.. DAY..?!
A SPIDER SIGNAL?!
.. KILL AGAIN ANOTHER
I HOPE COMMISIONER GORDON DOESN'T HEAR ABOUT THIS!
FWAHHA
YOU!

SNAKT
YOU SPIT ON EVERYTHING THAT'S DECENT IN THIS WORLD!
BUT OF COURSE!
YOU MURDER HOPE! YOU TRAMPLE GOODNESS!
YOU SUCK IT ALL DOWN INTO THE CHAOS!
WE AIM T'PLEASE!
THE ONLY WAY TO STOP A SNEERING ANIMAL LIKE YOU --
-- IS TO KILL YOU!
THEN GO AHEAD -- DO IT!
IT'LL BE HILARIOUS, DON'T YOU THINK?
A GOODY-TWO-SHOES LIKE YOU -- MURDERING A STINKER LIKE ME?
COME ON, I DARE YOU!
I DOUBLE DARE YOU!
HAHAHAHAHA
WHAT AM I DOING?
DEAR GOD --
-- WHAT AM I DOING?
TOO BAD. I THOUGHT HE HAD THE MAKINGS OF A DECENT LUNATIC!
Ah, WELL -- ONCE I UNLEASH MY VI --
TAP TAP
--RUS...

SWARM
SORRY, JOKER -- I COULD NEVER KILL YOU... OR ANYONE.
YOU SEE, I'VE GOT AN EXAMPLE TO LIVE UP TO. A FAITH I'LL NEVER BETRAY.
THAT MAY NOT BE VERY FUNNY --
-- BUT IT'S TRUE.
JOKER AND CARNAGE HAVE BEEN SAFELY LOCKED AWAY.
THIS SHOULD BE THE TIME FOR SIGHS OF RELIEF... MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS... MAYBE EVEN A CELEBRATION.
INSTEAD, TWO WEARY HEROES STAND IN AWKWARD SILENCE...
...UNSURE OF WHAT TO SAY, WHAT TO DO...
...HOW TO MARK THIS MOMENTOUS EVENT.
IN THE END...
...THE SIMPLEST GESTURE...
...PROVES THE MOST ELOQUENT.

UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE GOTHAM MOON, A FRIENDSHIP IS BORN -- AND EVEN IF THESE MEN NEVER MEET AGAIN...
...IT IS A FRIENDSHIP THAT WILL SURVIVE... AND THRIVE...
...AS LONG AS THE LEGENDS OF SPIDER-MAN AND THE BATMAN...
...ENDURE.
THE END

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